

The People's Press.
L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.
One copy one year.....\$1.50
" six months.....75
" three months.....50

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets, and General Information.

VOL. XXVIII.

SALEM, N. C., JANUARY 29, 1880.

NO. 4.

THE

It's very dusty," said Mrs. Laure Amberley shook slightly the glossy folds of her gray traveling dress.

A trivial remark, but her husband glanced quickly at the half-averted face.

"You are displeased, Laure."

Young Mrs. Amberley bit her beautiful lips in a moment's silence.

"I think I might have my choice, Algernon."

"It does seem a little hard, doesn't it, dear?" lifting lightly the little gloved hand and kissing it.

Certainly Algernon Amberley wished to indulge his bride of a month, but he continued:

"In taking one of these children of my dead half-sister, I wish to make a choice which will be of the most benefit to the family. The elder girls can earn their own living. The younger is very pretty, and will be adopted by a good and wealthy family if we do not take her away, while Ted—"

"Ted!" interrupted Laure, impatiently.

Ted is at an undesirable age, and not particularly brilliant and interesting; but, as he is the one who stands most in need of help, I think we ought to take him."

"Such a shock of tow-hair, and so horribly bashful!" pouted the beauty-loving Laure.

"I know the little girl would please you best, but perhaps the boy will develop better than the girl," replied Amberley, in the tone of decision his wife had already learned to know.

He was so certain he was right—that the poor, friendless, unformed boy was most in need of protection and training—that he could not allow his wife's fancy to decide this important matter, much as he regretted her disappointment.

The younger child—little Nellie—was as pretty as a picture, and at the charming age of three. He could not but sympathize with Laure's wishes, but his young wife was short-sighted.

He was older than she, and felt obliged to decide the matter according to his best judgment.

They were on their wedding trip. From Niagara had it extended to Chicago; from that city to a lonely tract of rolling prairie, where re-sided this remote connection of the Amberley family.

The father of these orphan children was a coarse, hard man, who was already casting about for a second wife; and the probability was that the expected stepmother would be little benefit to the two young and helpless little ones.

Laure regarded this man with a feeling little less than horror. The rude and primitive living was distasteful to her refined sensibilities.

It was only when she walked alone across the great billows of green, and, standing in solitude in the silence, beheld stretched before her countless leagues of luminous sunset, that she said to herself that the West was grand and beautiful.

They were driving now along the smooth prairie road. A silvery creek ran along its edge, bright and bank-full. Here and there a Judas bush showed its crimson among the bush greens. To right and left stretched away the boundless prairie.

Laure had requested the driver to get away from the uninviting home; but for the first time there was a shadow between herself and her husband.

In justice to young Mrs. Amberley, let me say that she tried to repress her discontent, but this only made her disappointment more apparent to her husband. More and more it troubled him, loving his young wife most tenderly, and at last he said:

"If you really cannot give up the little girl, Laure, you shall have her."

"Algernon," she cried, "it isn't

that I like the little Nelly so very much, but I don't see anything to like in Ted."

The subject was then dropped. They drove back to the house.

The first person they saw on their return to the house was Ted, who came bashfully out to take the horse. He always stared at Laure. Certainly she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life.

Secretly he adored her as she lingered a moment now. Having descended from the carriage, and being loath to go into the house, he addressed her:

"Be you going to take me?"

"No," said Laure, quickly; "I think I shall take Nelly."

She noticed that the boy's head drooped as he turned away, leading the horse; but she took little notice of that.

The next morning her husband was called to Chicago alone on business. She endured the uncongenial surroundings as long as she could, then caught up her hat and shawl and went out to walk.

She strolled half a mile, found the fording of the creek, and still went farther on.

The emerald of the bush-grass was magnificent, the May sky arched above, blue as lapis lazuli. Sweet wild birds flew over her, and no other living thing was in sight.

The great stillness had a wonderful charm for her. Now she looked wondfully at the green distance surrounding her; then wandered about, gathering the flowers which gemmed the grass like rubies, sapphires and stars of gold.

Then he threw on dead branches, all piled against the further side of the tree-trunk.

"Ted, what is that for?"

"Wolves, wolves! Don't you see them?" cried the boy, throwing out his arms. "But you needn't be afraid; they can't hurt you now. Oh, Aunt Laure, they'll never come near us now, for they are afraid of the tree, and the tree is burning."

Laure had sank upon the ground, fainting with terror.

"Oh, Ted, dear Ted!" she sobbed, "I'll help you!"—for, the flame dying down for an instant, the boy began snatching up handfuls of the dry grass.

For hours they worked, piling all the inflammable material they could find around the trunk of the cottonwood, while those strange dancing sparks so near the ground—the fierce eyes of the wolves, which Laure saw plainly now—reluctantly retreated when the flames blazed, at last, to the topmost boughs of the tree, and the light streamed far and wide.

Disheveled, pallid, exhausted, her misery lost at last in a brief sleep—thus Algernon Amberley found his wife in the early dawn.

The ground smoked beneath her, burning twigs fell around her; but Ted's watching eyes took care that she was not burned. His little jacket was wrapped around her shoulders; her head was pillow on his knee.

"She's tired, I reckon," he said, simply.

"Oh, my boy!" broke from Algernon Amberley's lips.

He carried his wife home in his arms, Ted leading the way—Ted never once conscious of the love he had earned, but sad and lonely again in that old farm-house.

It was Ted.

"Oh, Ted! I am lost!"

"I know it. I came to find you. I was watching for you to come back—you did not come. I said nothing to the others. I set off to find you. Come quick! I think I can find the ford."

Laure grasped the boy's small, eager hand, and hurried away with him through the dew-wet grass.

"You are all wet, Ted."

"I could not wait to find the ford; I swam across."

Laure's wide eyes distended still further with surprise.

They were hurrying—running.

"I know the way, but it is so dark," said Ted.

"Ted, won't the others come for me?"

"I don't know."

It was a hesitant, pained tone.

"Your own folks are away, you know?"

A selfish, churlish man, two young and unrelentless girls; who would search the lone, chilly prairie, if Ted had not come?

"If you really cannot give up the little girl, Laure, you shall have her."

"Algernon," she cried, "it isn't

Laure's soft, jeweled hand closed tighter on the child's rough one.

"Oh, Ted! my husband will pay you for this!"

He stopped.

"Aunt Laure, it's no use to go on. I can't find the ford, it's got so dark."

He was panting.

"Are you afraid, Ted?"

"The tree," he replied. "Wasn't it an old dry one?"

"Dry and withered, I believe—yes."

"We must go back to it."

"Why?"

He did not answer, but hurried her on.

"Ted, what is that noise I hear? Dogs barking?"

"Hurry, hurry! pulling her on over the backward path."

"Why must we go back to that tree, Ted?"

"It is dry, you said!"

"Ted, what is that howling?"

Her voice shook with a vague fear now.

"Here it is."

"He placed her with her back against the old dry tree."

"I brought some matches," he panted.

"Matches! What for?"

He snatched some dry leaves together, tore some strips from his old cotton jacket-sleeve, and lighted the whole.

Then he threw on dead branches, all piled against the further side of the tree-trunk.

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The Ten Prosperous States.

From the Telegraph.

Sunday in Paris.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1880.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1880.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its twenty-eighth (28th) volume on January 1st, 1880.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1880.

We omitted to credit to the Salisbury *Watchman* last week, the article headed "Are you ready to die?"

The great Baptist divine, Spurgeon, is said to be slowly recovering from his recent severe indisposition.

Arthur P. Gorman, Dem., has been elected U. S. Senator from Maryland.

EXODUS.—The general impression seems to be that the exodus movement has been inaugurated by the Republicans for political effect. The latest is that the Railroad men also wish to make a good thing of it, and perhaps may also be working in the interest of Republicans.

The Wilmington *Star* says:

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company paid a colored man at Goldsboro, N. C., one dollar a head for each full fare exuderster as an inducement to get up as large an emigration of colored people as possible.

Maine.

The trouble in Maine is becoming more alarming. Men are drilling in various portions of the State, and both parties are preparing for war. The State-House is guarded by troops, and men are being enlisted throughout the State. The Republican Governor is strongly urged to disperse the Fusionists, but so far has declined. Riots are feared in Lewiston and Biddeford if the Fusion Legislature is dispersed.

Dates of the 24th says:

The general impression now is that matters are in a more critical condition than they have been for some time. Crowds are collecting at various points, and secret clubs of armed men are drilling, and other circumstances tend to create alarm. The *Chronicle* (Greenback labor organ), of Auburn, states that the State House must be taken, though it costs thousands of lives. The government does not appear to be alarmed, however, and will make the State-House perfectly impregnable. The first military company that ever entered the State-House marched in at midnight. Pillsbury, Blood, Channing, and others, are known to be enrolling in every county in the State. Men are collected in the country towns ready for J. L. Smith's call, and Captain Black of Augusta, is drilling men nightly.

We give below two decisions of the Supreme Court of Maine, which, to say the least of it, has a tendency to weaken the confidence in political decisions made by these judicial bodies. We all know how Hayes was counted in as President, and now the Maine case comes up and still further weakens the public confidence. "We take the parallel decisions from the Charlotte *Observer*:

The first case was in 1877, in which certain Democrats were to be deprived of their seats by the decision. The last case was that presented on January 8, in which the Republican interest was involved:

1877.

WHEN DEMOCRATS WERE TO BE REJECTED.

The Representative that votes are lost by the negligence of town officers, but the obvious remedy is to choose such as know their duty, and know it.

John Appleton,
John A. Walton,
Chas. W. Walton,
John A. Peters,
Artemus Libby,
Wm. G. Barrows,
Wm. G. Barrows,
Wm. W. Symonds,
J. G. Dimon.

According to Maine justice, it is law in 1877 to deprive Democrats of their seats on account of the negligence of town officers to comply with its forms; but in 1880 it is not law to deprive Republicans of their seats for precisely the same reason, though the statute governing elections is exactly the same in both cases. Could the infamy of Republican politics in Maine have a more striking illustration? and could inconsistency, not to say dishonesty, raise its hydra head in a more disreputable form?

Gen. George has been chosen U. S. Senator by the Democratic caucus of Mississippi. The fourth ballot stood: Barkdale 46; George 45; Singleton 38, scattering 4. Mr. Barkdale then withdrew, and George was chosen on the forty-ninth ballot, receiving 79 votes, Singleton 50.

LATEST NEWS.

The Fusionists of Maine are dissatisfied at the results, and assert that they have been sold out to the enemy. Republicans are urging Gov. Davis to disperse the Fusionist government. It is believed that Wednesday would be the last day of the dual government in Maine. After hearing what the Supreme Court has to say, it is thought the Republican Governor will disperse the Fusionist government.

THE EXODUS.—On Monday a witness before the Senate Exodus Committee testified that immigration was directed to Indiana because it was considered a doubtful State in the coming election. They were told the Government would pay them from one to two dollars a day if they went there.

Cuba has been visited by several earthquakes; at San Christobel the public buildings are in ruins, and many persons were injured.

A steamboat on the Mississippi river, with 2,100 bales of cotton, has been destroyed by fire; eight lives were lost.

The Presidency.

Among the latest items of political news, Blaine is represented to be the choice of the Pennsylvania Republicans for President.

Opposition to the third term Presidency seems to be growing beautifully. But, as to Blaine, so bitter a partisan, and so bitter a sectional, should be ignored by all lovers of a whole united country. The "great traveler" is preferable to him, if we are doomed to have another Radical President, which we hope may not be the case.

According to the Richmond *Dispatch*'s Washington letter, "the Southern Republican Association is making a quiet but most active fight for Sherman."

We give the above as the latest political movements, for what they are worth.

LATEST.—A. C. Buell, of Washington City, is a writer of no ordinary ability. His weekly contributions to the *Capitol* are always interesting. The paragraph which follows is cut from his last:

"For all purposes of political calculation, it is safe enough to reckon from the meridian of Grant's nomination by the Republicans as a certainty. It is idle to decry the magnitude and effectiveness of the work that is being done by the best workers in the Republican party to this end. Messrs. Sherman and Blaine are astute politicians, and one of them at least takes rank among the ablest and boldest statesmen that this country has ever produced. But the machine is against them. Grant's fortunes are in the hands of Roscoe Conkling, Don Cameron, John A. Logan and Matt. Carpenter—men who do not know the meaning of the word failure in respect to internal party management, and who will certainly succeed in this object. Christian Reid continues her new novel, "Roslyn's Fortune," in a most attractive number of pages. It is the exquisite one illustrating a scene in "Evangeline." Every department is full of attractive matter for the fair readers, whose bright eyes grow brighter, as they welcome this most popular of periodicals. It seems to be the determination of the publishers to keep ever ahead of all competitors, and they certainly succeed in this. Christian Reid continues her new novel, "Roslyn's Fortune," in a most attractive number of pages. It is the exquisite one illustrating a scene in "Evangeline." Every department is full of attractive matter for the fair readers, whose bright eyes grow brighter, as they welcome this most popular of periodicals. It seems to be the determination of the publishers to keep ever ahead of all competitors, and they certainly succeed in this object. Christian Reid continues her new novel, "Roslyn's Fortune," in a most attractive number of pages. It is the exquisite one illustrating a scene in "Evangeline." 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The People's Press.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours, from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 p. m., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAIL. RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem, close, every day, except Sunday at 4:00, p. m. Due every day, except Sunday, by 10:50 p. m.

MOUNTAIN, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek. Close, every day except Sunday, at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, a. m. p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanot and Walnut Cove. Close, every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day, except Sunday, by 3 p. m.

HUNTSVILLE, via Lewisville and Panther Creek. Close, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30, a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10, a. m.

RICHMOND HILL, via Mount Taylor, Virginia, Red Plains and East Bend. Close, Monday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.

FRIEDBERG Mail closes every Tuesday and Friday at 10:30 A. M. Due Wednesday and Saturday at 8 A. M.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PRESS.

—St. Valentine's Day in three weeks.

—Shakspearean Calendars at the Salem Bookstore.

—Rev. Mr. Dodson preached in the Baptist church on Sunday.

—BUCHU—A bushel to dispose of. Call at the Salem Bookstore.

—The breaks of tobacco at the Warehouses have been heavy for the season.

—Miss Sallie Pate, an accomplished teacher, has opened a school for girls in Winston.

—There are several holes and ruts in Main street and other places that need attention.

—Rev. J. F. Page has taken charge of the Methodist Protestant church, in Winston.

—Several Franklin Stoves for sale. Enquire at this office.

—Messrs. Bahnon & Siddall sold all their stock of horses on their trading trip south.

—The Young Men's Missionary Society Lovefeast will be held on the evening of February 21.

—A No. 5 Washington hand press, in good order, for sale at the Press office.

—Mumps are going through many families in the neighborhood of Shady Mount School House.

—The office of the late E. A. Vogler has been repainted and refitted and will be occupied by Prof. D'Anna.

—Mrs. Stephenson, daughter of our esteemed friend, Mrs. Kremer, left for home in Baltimore, last week.

—RUSTLES OATS—Rustless Winter Oats—enquire at the Salem Bookstore.

—The Sentinel says a wagon load of goats was offered in Winston last week, with no bidders at \$1.50 a head.

—Dr. H. T. Bahnon is the Medical Examiner for the Endowment Rank, Section 354, Knights of Pythias.

—The Sentinel says a lady of this country made \$20 by the sale of greens since December. "So help me greens!"

—A splendid assortment of Toy Books at the Salem Bookstore.

—We learn that an unsuccessful attempt was made, last Sunday night, to rob the Sheriff's office in Greensboro.

—Several negro families from Yadkin county started for Henry county, Indiana, on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

—Miss Fannie Peden, of Wilkes, Mr. Will Barbour and Miss Jane Barbour, were visiting at J. G. Veach's last week.

—The largest display of NEW BOOKS and FANCY GOODS ever offered at the Bookstore.

—Rev. L. B. Wurtschke occupied the pulpit of the Moravian church on Sunday morning, and the pastor in the evening.

—Meers, Sink, Eller and Yokely are buying up horses and mules for the Southern market. They will be on the road shortly.

—FLORED ADVERTISING CARDS at the Bookstore. Printed at the most reasonable rates.

—Several furnaces of this vicinity have recently made quite a nice speculation in green apples, bought in Patrick and Henry counties, Va.

—Rev. Mr. Curtis officiated at St. Paul's Episcopal church on Sunday last, and will continue until the regular pastor returns.

—The Agnes Double Quartette Club will meet at the office of the late E. A. Vogler, for the purpose of reorganizing under the direction of Prof. D'Anna.

—The colored pressman in the Sentinel office, mashed his hand very badly in feeding a Gordon press. Sorry for him as he is a clever and industrious man.

—Tobacco beds are being daily burned. From present indications a heavy crop of the weed will be grown. Why can't Forsyth county raise as fine grades as Granville, whose tobacco brings such fancy prices at Durham?

—The members of the Committee on the Circulating Library will please meet in the Reading Room on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock.

—With the opening of February we may look for storms of wind and snow, and we hope a heavy freeze, at least enough for the much-needed ice.

—The Sheriff of Forsyth County has been instructed by the Justices to collect taxes from those colored persons who have not listed their polls.

—Abbott's Creek and Broadbay township in Forsyth county, and Arcadia township in Davidson county, vote on the Stock Law on Saturday, Feb. 7.

—A revenue raid in East Bend township, Yadkin County, resulted in the cutting up of one still and the destruction of some beer and slop. E. C. P.

—The realities of Christmas are growing dim with the past, and now the boys are after twin and old newspapers for the manufacture and flying of kites.

—Page Hamilton (col.) accused of setting fire to Jerry Stockton's barn, was, after several trials, finally bound over to Court, and jailed in default of bail.

—The bird hunters sometimes meet with warm talk from the farmers. The farmer thinks, and no doubt justly, that he can thin out an overstock of birds, if necessary.

—Frank Bohannon, with Pfohl & Stockton, Winston, sold \$68,000 worth of goods during the past year. Mr. Bohannon ranks among the best salesmen in this section.

—Our fish market is bad. Have not seen any on the street for months, although the mild weather is waking up the Yadkin fishermen. Who will bring the first fish to town?

—Mountain Butter and Dried Beef Hams are coming into our market in considerable quantities. Almost every store can furnish families with a ham of beef or a firkin of butter.

—Muskrats are burrowing in the race-banks and interfering with the water in the ice-ponds. Let the boys trap them. The skins are worth from 4 to 10 cents a piece.

—Quite a number of the mountain men attended the services in the Moravian church on Sunday evening last. We were pleased to see them and hope they will attend often.

—AUTOGRAPHS.—A beautiful variety of Autograph Albums at 8, 10, 15, 40, 60, and 75 cents, \$1.25, and \$1.50. These books are the handsomest we have ever offered at the Salem Bookstore.

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—Garden Seeds from the North, East and West are now being displayed in the different stores. Why can we not raise our own seeds? In our boyhood, our mother raised nearly enough garden seed to supply the town of Salem. The sale of cabbage seed alone amounted to a handsome sum. The seed was of a superior quality.

—Our old friend, A. J. Snider, better known as "Sandy," was severely bitten by his son's horse. He was cleaning out the trough preparatory to putting in the feed, when the horse, who is otherwise perfectly gentle, caught his arms in his mouth and bit him severely, one of the tasks going deep into the flesh. The wound is painful, though not considered dangerous. Singularly enough the horse was raised on the farm, and was accustomed to everybody that ever fed or groomed him. Wounds from horse bites are said to be slow in healing.

—Beautiful FLORAL and MOTTO PANEL PICTURES, suitable for framing for Wall or Mantel. Also FANCY BOOK MARKS, for sale at the Salem Bookstore.

—Look for the following in Hinshaw Brothers' advertisement on our 4th page next week: "A large assortment of all colors and numbers of J. & P. COATS' SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON, always on hand, at same prices and on same terms that it is sold by the largest Jobbing Houses in America. You will save freight by buying from us."

—Last Sunday morning and evening the singing in the Moravian church was conducted without organ accompaniment, something which has not happened for a number of years. The old organ is being thoroughly repaired and will be as good and even better than many a new one, when finished. Mr. Fredericks understands his business and is putting up a good job.

—The second lecture of the course on "Sights in Foreign Lands," will be given on to-morrow (Friday) evening, January 30th. The subject will be "Sights in Germany." A description of the most powerful Empire on the European continent, cannot fail to be deeply interesting in the hands of so close an observer and so graphic a word-painter as Mr. Rondthaler, Miss Fanny Glenn, of Winston, and Prof. D'Anna, of the Academy, have kindly consented to assist Mr. Rondthaler, by furnishing music, which will consist of songs by Miss Glenn and piano recitations by Prof. D'Anna. We are requested to state that the sciptiope has not yet arrived, but the committee hope to add it to their programme for the third lecture. Tickets 25 cents, for \$1.00. Children half-price. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Lecture begins at 7. Entrance at lower door of the Academy.

—The enterprise of Messrs. Brown, Carter & Co., in building a handsome public hall in Winston, has been criticized, we learn, by the pupils of Winston, or at least the reverend worthies were down on theatres, theatre-goers, &c. Messrs. Brown & Co. intended their hall for the public in various ways, such as lectures, concerts, town meetings and preaching, and not to be used as a theatre only as one might be led to suppose. We doubt not that gentle men of the clerical persuasion will occupy its handsome stage more frequently than companies of strolling players, and let us hope to more purpose and to larger and more interested audiences than any of the so-called "devil's agencies" can attract.

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—An Entertainment, for the purpose of purchasing an organ, will be given in the Colored Moravian Church, in Salem, Thursday evening, January 29th, by members of the Sunday School. The exercises will consist of songs, declamations, dialogues and tableaux. Admission 25 cents. Children 15 cents. Tickets for sale at Blum's Bookstore and Blicker's Notion Store, in Salem, and at Ormby's Music Store, in Winston.

—We notice Calla lillies in full bloom in many of the rooms, pit and greenhouses in town. It is the most graceful of our Winter flowers. Japonicas are pushing, while violet and hyacinths are in bloom, and the geraniums promise a profusion of blossoms.

—The crocus and Roman hyacinth are coming out of the ground. By Easter time, if the weather is not too severe, greenhouse flowers will be plenty, although this year it comes in March.

—Several of our neighboring towns are making a fuss about their homemade candies. Salem's confectioners have been in the business for many years, and we remember the time when Henry Winkler made candy by the cartload and hammed it down as far as Charlotte and into South Carolina. Our confectioners make their own candy now, and it is sold by the wholesale and retail, finding a ready market, notwithstanding the Northern "starch-stuff" that is lagged in.

—We learn from a private source that three negroes got into a dispute at a cabin in Carroll county, Va., which soon merged into a quarrel. The master was apparently fixed and all turned in for the night. While two of the party were asleep the third one got an axe and nearly severed the head off of one of the sleepers, and mortally wounded the other in the neck. The double murderer then fled and has not yet been captured.

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POETRY.

THE EVERY-DAY DARLING
She is prettier a bonnie or bonker,
And no one would call her wise;
In a crowd of other women
She would draw most angry eyes;
And even we who love her are puzzled
To say where her prettiness lies.

She is sorry when the others are sorry,
So sweetly when ones like to be sad;
And if the people around her are merry,
She is almost gladlier than glad;
Her eyes are the swiftest,
The truest, a heart ever had.

She is just an every day darling—
The dearest that heart ever had.

Her hair is like white and so little.
It seems as if it were wrong.

They ever should work for a minute.

And yet they are nimble and strong.

Whenever a dear one needs helping,

She will labor the whole day long,

The prettiest every day darling—

Each day and all the day darling.

Ah, how ever, Beauty and Genius,

And women the world calls wise;

For the bloom of all your triumphs

Would be empty in her eyes.

To be and to be in her kingdom—

In this the prettiest lies.

God bless her the every day darling!

In this her prettiest lies.

HUMOROUS.

IF YOU ARE A FRIEND no Questions.

At Bowling Green, Ky., the train

stopped for dinner. Soon there entered the car a colored man some-

what advanced in years, bearing a

waiter upon which was displayed a

large chicken, probably equally ad-

vanced in years, and the passengers were invited to invest:

'Oh, yes, gentlemen, here's your nice briled chicken—right hot—sell him very cheap!'

One of the passengers, in a spirit of insufferable curiosity, called out: 'Say, uncle, where did you get that chicken?'

The old man passed along taking

no notice of the question, but offering his chicking first to one then another in the same monotone: 'Oh, yes, gentlemen, here's your nice briled chicken—right hot—sell him cheap!'

Again the question came: 'Say, uncle, where did you get that chicken?'

Still the old man took no notice of the question or questioner but passed on, offering his chicken for sale, yet in somewhat altered tone, indicating that he was not the best pleased at the repetition of the question. The passenger, determined on an answer of some kind, again called out louder than ever:

'Say, uncle, where did you get that chicken?'

The old man passed along, taking

no notice of the question, but offering his chicking first to one then another in the same monotone: 'Oh, yes, gentlemen, here's your nice briled chicken—right hot—sell him cheap!'

The old man turned around, poised his waiter on the arm of a car seat, and drawing himself up to his full height, said:

'Look'ee here, boys, is you from do Norf?'

'Yes,' replied the traveller.

'Well, is you a friend to de culld man?'

'Yes, I'm a friend to the colored man; I am from Boston, and people who are from Boston are all friends to the colored man.'

'Well, now boss, if you is a friend to de culld man, don't you be so busy tryin' to find out whar dis chicken come from.'

And he passed on calling out: 'Oh, yes, gentlemen, here's your nice briled chicken—right hot—sell him cheap!'

Too Much Grammar.

The peril of employing highly educated young men as clerks was again illustrated the other day. A woman stopped at a green grocer's on Woodward avenue, and asked:

'Is them lettuce fresh?'

'You mean that lettuce,' suggested the clerk, 'and it is fresh.'

'Then you'd better eat it,' she snapped as she walked on.

The grocer rushed out and asked the clerk what on earth happened to anger her, and the young man replied:

'Why, nothing, only I corrected her grammar.'

'You have turned away one of my best customers! Only yesterday she came in and asked me how I sold white sugar, and I got an order for a whole barrel. Hang you, sir! but if them customers want grammar they don't expect to find it in a grocery! No, sir, if you see her again you must apologize in the most humbllest manner.'

Young man, said a stern old professor to a student who had been charged with kissing one of his daughters—"young man, don't get into that habit. You'll find that kissing is like eating soup with a fork." "How so, sir?" asked the student. "Because," answered the professor, "you can't get enough of it."

A man passing through a gateway in the dark ran against the post. "I wish that post was in the lower regions," was the angry remark. "Better wish it was somewhere else," said a bystander: "you might run against it again."

AGRICULTURAL.

"People's Press"
AND
Godey's Lady's Book
FOR \$3.00.

5000 YEAR

Godey's Lady's Book

The Oldest and Best Fashion Magazine in America.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

REDUCED TO \$2.00 PER YEAR.

Subscriptions will be received

at this Office in Clubs

with this Paper.

The Press and Godey's Lady's Book

Book for one Year at \$3.00.

See what Godey's Lady's Book will contain

IN 180.

Nearly 1200 pages of first-class literary matter.

Large and Beautiful Original Engravings.

Large and Elegantly Colored Fashion Plates.

900 Engravings on Art, Science and Fashion.

12 large Diagram Patterns of Ladies' and Children's

Architectural Designs for Beautiful Homes.

12 large Original Department matters.

The Number One of the New Year will be issued

December 1, 1859. The remaining chapters of

one of the Best Serial Stories ever printed in an American Magazine.

Christian Reid,

the author of "A Gentle Bell," "Valerie Almer,"

"Morton House," etc., entitled

Roslyn's Fortune.

We have engaged a FULL CORPS of DISTIN-

GATED Authors to write for Godey's Lady's Book during the year.

Send your Clubs at once. You can add any names

or initials to the name of the original author.

TERMS—Cash in Advance.

POSTAGE PAID.

One Copy, one year.

Four Copies, one year.

Eight Copies, one year.

Fourteen Copies, one year.

Twenty-one Copies, one year.

Twenty-eight Copies, one year.

Thirty-five Copies, one year.

Forty-two Copies, one year.

Fifty-nine Copies, one year.

Sixty-six Copies, one year.

Seventy-three Copies, one year.

Eighty-four Copies, one year.

Ninety-one Copies, one year.

One hundred Copies, one year.

One hundred and four Copies, one year.

One hundred and eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and twelve Copies, one year.

One hundred and sixteen Copies, one year.

One hundred and twenty Copies, one year.

One hundred and twenty-four Copies, one year.

One hundred and twenty-eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and thirty-two Copies, one year.

One hundred and thirty-six Copies, one year.

One hundred and forty Copies, one year.

One hundred and forty-four Copies, one year.

One hundred and forty-eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and fifty Copies, one year.

One hundred and fifty-four Copies, one year.

One hundred and fifty-eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and sixty Copies, one year.

One hundred and sixty-four Copies, one year.

One hundred and sixty-eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and seventy Copies, one year.

One hundred and seventy-four Copies, one year.

One hundred and seventy-eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and eighty Copies, one year.

One hundred and eighty-four Copies, one year.

One hundred and eighty-eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and ninety Copies, one year.

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One hundred and forty-four Copies, one year.

One hundred and forty-eight Copies, one year.

One hundred and fifty Copies, one year.